

Dodd, M.

A LEISURE HOUR'S READING

DEAUCHEM & CO.  
A LOVE STORY

By Mrs. Sarah St. John, author of "The Love Story".

"Now, I am to be married. Listen to me, Mr. Beauchamp, you are very good. I am not ungrateful. I like you, but I won't marry you to be looked down on. I won't enter a family that is ashamed of me."

"Now listen to me, you proud, fierce thing. I want to ask you this. Will you marry me if my mother comes herself to make friends with you?"

Millicent looked at him, and her lips parted involuntarily into a smile. "Perhaps—if—but she won't do that."

"We will see."

At breakfast time Mr. Beauchamp calmly announced to his companion that the partnership must dissolve, as their business called him at once to his family. More than this Ted could not discover. Mr. Beauchamp left his former partner with the van to wander where his fancy took, simply abandoning his romantic life, and returned to civilization and railways with a base-felicitous and unconscionable which disgusted his friend and the sharer of the fortune of the van.

Milllicent Frankland kept her secret; no one, not even Sarah, knew anything of that momentous interview by name among the ashes of the risks. She set to work steadily to face the difficulties of her situation, and she tried hard to believe that Wilfred Beauchamp had thought better of his folly, and had returned to his ways, which were her ways, and that he and she should meet no more. But the yell of those summer days was obstinate in refusing to be forgotten, her fancy would wander to the only romantic episode of her life. She had never really been in love with Tom Frankland, and a few days of hard, real life of her married life had killed any lingering affection that had survived his courtship. Wil was a man of a new world to her, one that she could not but admire and whom is was difficult not to love. The memory of his briefly tender wooing made a secret sweetness in her heart, and touched everything with a new light. Millicent was ashamed of the folly of her own imaginings, but she still lingered on them.

One day she was in the dairy skinning cream, with her fair arms bare above the elbow, and her bonnet on her head, when Sarah came to her, in great bewilderment. "What do you think, Millie? here's that photographing man come, and a lady with him—a handsome old fellow, with a powdery sort of white hair and bright dark eyes—sitting for you."

"I'll come," Millicent said, putting down her Skinner; "see to this for me, Sally."

For a moment she thought of running away and putting on her black silk, but the next he led her up to his young head.

"I won't! I'll go to him—they shan't see me under false pretenses!"

And she went straight into the parlor in her clean holland dress and apron, with her sunbonnet in her hand. Wil was standing by the window, Mrs. Beauchamp sitting on the sofa, watching the door with a rather heightened color and very anxious eyes. She was very like Wil, and had a bright, high-bred, eager, handsome face. He was her idol; for his sake she had swallowed her pride, tried to conceal her little mortification, and had consented to the hard condition he had imposed upon her love. She drew a long breath when the door opened and Millicent came in with an air of forced calm, which ill-concealed the tremendous anxiety of her mind. Wil thought she looked like a disguised princess with her natural, unostentatious grace, but Wil was in love, and a poor fellow. Whatever his mother thought, her face cleared, and a certain relief came into it. Millicent dared not look at him; she felt all her courage would vanish if she met his ardent eyes, but she knew, all the while, exactly how he looked. Mrs. Beauchamp came forward to meet her.

"You see Wil has bro' me, Miss Frankland," she said in her sweet, refined tones; "he wants his mother to make friends with the lady he has chosen. I don't think I ever informed him yet; he has been the dearest boy to me, and I try always to love what he loves. I hope we shall be friends."

"It is so good, so good of you to come," Millicent faltered out as Mrs. Beauchamp took her hand; all her calmness forsook her as she gently greeted. "I hardly believed you would be so kind. I am not worth it, indeed."

"Wilfred thinks you are."

Millicent glanced at him, only for a moment, but long enough to see the light in his eyes. The suddenness of joy, of tender gratitude, which flooded her whole soul, overpowered her as few of her sorrows had ever done!

Mrs. Beauchamp understood her, she tried to say something, but could not make her words articulate. She knew that she meant to promise a return for all, and love answering to love. She kissed the girl and soothed her with the tender tact of a true lady, and, taking her by the hand, put it to Wil.

"You must walk," she said, smiling. "You must wait till you know each other better, you foolish romantic children, but I fancy you do not mean to change your minds. And if it is ever about, you must fit up the van again for next summer. Wilfred, and take some one else with you in the place of poor Ted. It will be a new idea for a honeymoon!"—*Prayer's Magazine.*

The Louisville Commercial cites the case of Capt. Chas. N. Cornet, of that city, who was cured by St. Jacobs Oil, after suffering for years with rheumatism.—*York (N.Y.) Republic.*

AN IMPROVED STYLE OF ROWING. An Auburn inventor has patented a device for propelling boats which promises to entirely revolutionize the present labor.

ions method of rowing. The inventor is Mr. Henry N. Stans, of this city, and the design of his appliance is to render practicable the use of a screw propeller upon small boats. The invention can be applied to any row boat, and consists simply of a propeller shaft, which projects through the stern of the boat, and has secured to its end a screw propeller, which by the rotation of the shaft by hand power applied to a double crank causes the boat to move forward with greater or less speed, governed by the rapidity of the revolutions. The work is not nearly so tiresome as rowing, and with the same amount of power expended the speed attained is far greater. The advantages of the propeller are numerous, and must be conceded. One is that the person faces the direction he is going, and causes the craft himself by means of stirrups attached to a gear, also invented by Mr. Stans. In duck-hunting you can noiselessly approach the ground and see where you are going. In trolling this method of progression is also far superior to laborious rowing. Two, or even more, persons can work at the handles, which by a simple change of a pin, can be worked in either direction, which is often a great relief to the muscles.—*Auburn Advertiser.*

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 3, 1881. I know Bay Bitters will bear recommendation to all. All who use them confer upon them the highest eulogiums, and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them ever since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. Long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness, I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never done before with any other patent medicine.

DISCUSSING BUSINESS POLICIES.

There was a man sitting in one of the Kalamazoo hotel office chairs one night last summer apparently asleep, which was doubtless the reason a couple of clerks behind the counter began to converse confidentially. "I suppose you've heard the 'boss new rule'?" inquired the cashier of the room-clock. "I mean that you are not to charge guests all they've got here?" "Exactly. The idea of allowing boarders to leave with at least ten dollars in their pockets! Why, the old man must be getting the softening of the brain." At Long Branch and Newport they understand the hotel business better. If a guest gets away with his life and baggage, he considers himself in big luck I can tell you." "Well, the Governor explained his idea to me," said thoughtfully, "and I must say it sounds reasonable. He says that when you clean out a man completely he generally takes to drinking and brings up in the poorhouse, and in that way a customer is lost. By leaving 'em just a little corn for seed, as it were, they have a chance to get started again and ready for a new assessment, so to speak." "May be something in it, but—s-a-h." For the guest in the chair appeared to groan and shiver in his sleep, and for fear he should wake up the clerks discreetly turned the conversation to the subject of a boarder who had that day choked to death on a ham hock in the hash.

There is no one article in the line of medicines which gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Wound and Belladonna Backache Plaster.

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